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Soul Stealers



127 3 15

Chapter 1 by Alice Marie Bride

They stalk the streets at night while you are sleeping, they see into your dreams. They lurk in the shadows, flashing wide grins at unfortunate passers. You can hear their cackles echoing through the cold emptiness, but it's not an audible sound. It echoes through your skull, sending chills down your spine, sending you into a panicked frenzy.

Worst of all, they're people like you. They love and hate, fear and rejoice. They blend in among us, hidden, they might even be someone you know. They walk like you, talk like you, eat like you, dress like you, attend the same schools... But there is one thing you can tell them apart by: They have piercing eyes. Eyes that search your very soul, and with at a glance, can make you feel uneasy. They glow in a certain way, and are never resting.

This is my story.

I am a Soul Stealer.

Chapter 2 by Oakley Buttars



Soul Stealers know your secrets. Once one searches your soul they know you. Being a Soul Stealer is different. You tend to accidentally search someone's soul. We are called Soul Stealers because we steal souls. We have emotions only because we were some human who was worthy

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Anyway this is how I became a Soul Stealer. There is one Soul Stealer who is the worst of us all. He is the one who looked into my soul and stole it. I was scared that night. While taking a walk I heard a sound it kept following me even as I ran. I turned to see who or what was there when I saw his eyes. It hurt as if a knife had struck me, but it didn't hurt on the outside only on the inside. Then it felt as if I hated no one. There was no one in that world that I loved. Nothing to be happy about. I wasn't scared of anything. It felt as if everything I cared about was gone. Then I realized how much I valued my emotions, but then it all came back to me like a boomerang. There was something different now no one's secrets were safe anymore. At least to me.

Chapter 3 by Time



And so we, the soul stealers, wandering in the world all the time, most of the time confused and puzzled, not knowing what to do. When you're a soul stealer, you can feel the difference. You won't and can't care about what everyone else cares, and you're just unable to blend in.

It was said that if we turn a specific amount of people into soul stealers, something will change after a year.

But nobody knows how many people we need to change into soul stealers to make a change, and nobody knows what is the change specifically. Will it..... be just a tiny change not enough to save us from the bitterness of being a soul stealer, or will it save us?

That's the reason why soul stealers are always confused and not knowing where to go, what to do all the time. The only way shown to them is to steal souls, steal another soul, forever and ever, until maybe one day they are reaching that amount and creating a change.

The hardest part about reaching the amount is that, you never know what's the amount when you have to keep it for a year. How can you know when to stop? Even if soul stealers have longer lifes than most people, around 200 years, they still just can't find the way, till they die.

I always dreamed of knowing that how many souls need we steal to change. But that's just a dream. There are millions of soul stealers in the world, but none of them have reached that

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I haven't stolen a single soul yet, but I'm still trying to reach the change.

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All soul stealers have the ability to see who have the potential to become a soul stealer. Those ones have a special smell of the mix of chocolate and pineapple, but only soul stealers can smell that. There are few people who have the potential, but not rare. As a ninth grade student, there are 28 students in my class, and two of them have the potential to become a soul stealer.

And both of them, are my only friend in this class.

Friendship don't really exist anymore for a soul stealer..... I always reminded myself like that, but I can't help being sentimental. Still, I can clearly remember the soul stealer who stole my soul, how shocked was I and I just can't steal their souls.

A soul stealer have no more soul. True, but I think their souls were not truely stolen. I think they were hidden somewhere in the world, waiting for a change.

Chapter 4 by Time



"Nicole!" I was awaken from my thoughts by the girl next to me. She moved forward and a shallow smell of the mix of chocolate and pineapple came from her. I was bothered so much by this awful scent. I shouldn't--but what if one day I found how many people we need to change into soul stealers? I could tell them the number too and we can all wait for the change...

"Yes..." I answered with my head lowering. I don't want to see her--not now, at least.

"Why are you always so upset recently?" The girl, Karen, asked with a puzzled look, "Is it that you did badly on science test or something?"

"Not really..." I answered, not truly listening to her. I shouldn't have agreed to go watch movie together with her, at least not now when I was hesitating if I should steal her soul.

The movie starts at 7:30, but it's still 6:00. There's still 1 and a half hours to go, so we're wandering on the street randomly, occasionally walking into a shop to buy some stuff or simply look around.

"Ni---cole!" Karen pointed toward a shop, trying to cheer me up. "Here's a shop for those beautiful and cute small decorations! Aren't those your favorite?"

Yes, those were once my favorite, but now I'm trying to solve a hard question--I thought, but

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These days, her life is like

Stepping into the shop, I

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and the feelings she had

behind 5 dollars for it.

The woman's piercing eyes passed me, gave me the tiny bell in a bag and said nothing. I putted the bell in my bag, and suddenly noticed something passing over beside me.

Something sharp, sharp like a knife.

It passed by me, and went straight toward Karen.

I looked up, and saw the woman gazing straight pass me. My piercing eyes touched hers, creating invisible sparks in the air.

I don't care about all those other stuff--the only thing I knew is that I don't want Karen's soul to be stolen--yet.

I tried my best.

I stared at her eyes, just like I was stealing someone's soul, and the woman's piercing eyes looked down. Her gaze sharp as knife was back to her. She looked up again, gave a sweet smile and said nothing.

I ran to Karen.

"Well, I think we've spent enough time here... And I've got what I want! Let's switch to that shop!" I smiled, pointing toward a shop nearby, showing her the bell I just bought.

She gave me a funny look, and stared at the pink bell, "I though you don't like bells." She said, a bit confused.

"Well, that's long tim ago! They are actually fine." I took her hand and walked out of the shop.

"Well...I will buy you one as present someday." She said, looking at me with her shallow grey eyes.

"That would be good! Remember to get a purple one, that suits better with pink." I gave her a smile and held her hands again.

She was delighted for the improvement of my mood, and took me to the next shop.

"Quick Nicole, the movie is starting!" Looking at her watch, Karen tries to drag me from the piles and piles of beautiful little chains.

True, the movie is starting. It's already 7:20. I sighed and ran out of the door with Karen, still

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The moment we saw the 3rd floor, we couldn't believe our eyes.

There's no cinema, and no movies. Nothing at all, except a long, long hallway with white walls and dim light.

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